

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

THE WOMAN'S LAW

BY MARAVENE THOMPSON

WILL BEGIN MONDAY

—The Romance of a New York Girl's Fierce Battle Against "Man-Made Rules"—

MAKE DR. CARMAN TELL MORE,
SAYS MOTHER OF MRS. BAILEYMrs. Duryea Believes Daughter Was Shot by
Person Inside House and Charges
Plot to Hide Facts.

(Special From a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., July 11.—Mrs. Jennie Duryea, mother of Mrs. Louise Bailey, who was shot to death in the office of Dr. Edwin Carman at Freeport on the evening of June 30, talked with an Evening World reporter about her impressions and deductions concerning the tragedy. Throughout the interview she referred to her daughter as "Lulu," the family pet name for her.

Since Mrs. Duryea was on the witness stand in Coroner Norton's inquest at Freeport on Monday she has been in such a state of mental depression that none but County officials and intimate friends have been allowed to see her.

The Bailey home at Hempstead is a pretty place and comfortable. Along a fence that runs back from the street on the right hand side there are great trailing bushes of the rambler, laden with bloom. Other shrubs and young trees give the place an air of refinement and good taste. It showed the hand of a woman—the hand that is now still in death.

Now and then the reporter caught glimpses of a slender girl figure in deep black who passed quietly through the hallway or adjoining rooms. Finally Mrs. Duryea called the girl in and passed her strong arm protectively about the slight shoulders.

"This is our Madeline, my daughter's little girl," she said. Madeline is seventeen years old. Her face reminds one of an old medallion, the features being so perfectly moulded. Her dark hair fell about her head and the dark eyes looked at one with an expression of earnestness.

Mrs. Duryea is more than sixty years old. Her face is kind and her manner charming. She has no feeling of hatred toward the woman accused of killing her daughter. Here are only sentiments of pity. She has studied the case with an acuteness that is astonishing, and the District Attorney has held several conversations with her that have renewed his vigor and interest in the case.

Mrs. Duryea has a great desire, and that is to see Mrs. Carman face to face and look at her with those "mother eyes" for only a few brief moments.

"Oh, if I could," said Mrs. Duryea.

WANTS TO SEE MRS. CARMAN
FACE TO FACE.

"I would like to see Mrs. Carman. I want to just see her face and steady her. I could tell then whether she was guilty or not. I would like to go to the jail at Minerva and see her if the District Attorney would allow me. I cannot help feeling that she is heartless or else she would have written to us and expressed some sympathy for me and mine. She was here in town to view my daughter's dead body; why didn't she come and see me? If she were an innocent woman I think she would have. What does she look like?"

When told about Mrs. Carman's personal appearance, Mrs. Duryea continued:

"Oh, she is so different from my poor girl, our little mother," as they called her. She was no taller or bigger than Madeline here. She spoke to every little daisy in the town. "I read of the sympathy for the little Carman girl. How do they feel for our two motherless children?"

"My daughter," knew Dr. Carman only by sight. She had never spoken a dozen words to him. She saw him when he called to see Mr. Kimball, who was suffering from paralysis, and I recall on one occasion she said: "I rather admire Dr. Carman. He looks like a man who knew something."

"Lulu was not ill. She had sometimes a slight puffiness under the eyes that I thought might indicate kidney trouble and I had asked her to see a doctor but she invariably put it off."

"Somehow she didn't care to call on the old physician we have employed. I don't know why, but you know women are funny about these things. When she left us that morning she had no idea of calling at Dr. Carman's, I know that."

BELIEVES DAUGHTER WAS
TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL.

"I feel in my heart that she must have been taken suddenly ill with a weakness while riding home and knowing Dr. Carman to be in Freeport, got off and went to his office. It is a long ride from Rockville Centre, where she was visiting Mrs. Graubeau, and she was weak from having eaten but little."

"I believe Dr. Carman when he says he didn't know her. He was honest when he sent for Mr. Bedell to identify her."

"If Mrs. Carman shot her it was in a fit of jealous rage and she would have killed any other woman who had been in the doctor's office at the time. She has been described as a woman of refinement and culture. How could she then use a dictograph to spy on her husband's women patients? A doctor is just like a minister. Felts open their hearts to both. Just to think of this jealous

First Photograph Ever Printed
of Woman Slain in Carman's Office

MRS. LOUISE BAILEY.

woman listening to their confidences! It would not have been so bad had she listened to one woman of whom she was jealous, but she listened to all it was just to satisfy and feel an insane jealousy against all of her sex.

"My daughter is dead, but Mrs. Carman to-night is worse off than if she were dead. I feel that I should be happy that that other mother in Freeport who is in her bed, sick from a terrible fear."

"I have been able to picture the terrible affair in my mind because I have had the general plan of it. The Carman house explained to me. I have a friend who has been a great comfort to me in my sorrow. She has been a patient of Dr. Carman for more than a dozen years. She has told me of a back stairway which leads from the upper floor to an entry just outside the doctor's office."

TOLD HOW THE SHOOTING
MIGHT HAVE OCCURRED.

"She was the first one to give me the idea of how the shooting may have occurred. She has known the doctor and his family intimately and she said to me: 'Mrs. Duryea, I hate to say this, but I must. I feel that your daughter was shot by somebody in the house. The person came down the back stairs and fired the shot through the doorway leading to the back stairs.'"

"I came to feel the same way. How do we know the window was broken from the outside? Why wasn't that all a clever plan to create false suspicion? Why was the furniture on the ground outside? What was happening in that office when the time my girl was shot and the time the doctor was notified? Who can tell how the furniture was arranged at the time she fell with a bullet in her poor little body?"

"And tell me why the authorities allowed the doctor to travel all over the country on the day following the shooting? Why was he not arrested as a material witness and kept from his wife? Why were they not kept under strict espionage?"

"I feel that the pistol which was used will never be found. Perhaps Dr. Carman might tell of its whereabouts. It may be in some of the marsh land around Freeport—anywhere within the radius of a dozen miles."

The person who can tell all about my daughter's death is Dr. Carman. He knows everything. He could say away all this mystery if he would. There was a light in the office that night. The window, he says, was broken out and he saw only the revolver and two fingers of the hand that held it. If he saw the hand why didn't he see the face behind it? Perhaps he did. Perhaps he recognized it."

"They have insinuated that my girl was lying down when she was shot. How could this have been if the bullet entered her back? They have also told of her going to road houses and drinking. These are all cruel lies."

WHY HADN'T THE AUTHORITIES
ASKED FOR DRESS?

"Tell me why the authorities have not asked for the possession of the dress my daughter wore that night? They have not seen it since. I couldn't look at it, but it shows that the bullets went in just back of the right arm. It is a mute accuser. It tells a story and still the authorities do not ask for it, but keep her hand-bag, which contains a few of her personal effects, some money and a check which she belongs to her, but to a friend who asked her to have it cashed. Explain it to me."

The door bell rang and the servant let in District Attorney Smith. He went into an adjoining room and entered into conversation with Mr. Bailey. The son, a manly lad still in his teens, also entered the room where the mother was sitting. Suddenly he was heard to say to the official:

"Do you think my mother stood where the doctor said she did when

TWO TANGOERS
SHOT IN RIVALRY
FOR BALL'S BELLEPolice Find Man With Three
Bullets in Him Above
Columbia Cafe.

ONE DROPS IN STREET.

Fire Alarm Sent In to Misdemeanor
Officers Adds to Excitement.

Charles Bettrian of No. 41 Jay street and James Barton, alias John Burns, of No. 391 Baltic street, Brooklyn, were held without bail in Centre Street Police Court to-day to await the death or recovery of a youth named John C. Borst, who is in Hudson Street Hospital with three bullet wounds in his groin and abdomen. Borst and James H. Oliver of No. 335 Pearl street were shot early to-day at a dance in the Columbia Cafe, No. 107 Greenwich street, and Detectives Sheridan and Reynolds say Bettrian fired the shots.

The ball at Columbia Cafe was held by the Robert Kelly Association for the purpose of raising money for one Thomas Burns, who is in the Tombs awaiting trial for grand larceny. It was attended by a large crowd, including several men who are familiar with the inside of prisons.

Bettrian was there with his eighteen-year-old wife, Josephine, who is considered the best "spiel" in the First Assembly District. Borst is an expert in the new dances, and it wasn't long before he and the youthful Mrs. Bettrian were continual partners.

Bettrian fumed and raged, but took no action until after midnight when Mrs. Bettrian and Borst injected a lot of original movements and turns into the tango. The angry husband threw his wife downward and started to drag her to the street.

Borst interfered and there was a fight, which was stopped by friends of both. Then Bettrian put his wife on a car and took her to her home in Jay street. Leaving her there he hurried down to the Columbia cafe and invaded the dance.

According to the detectives he began shooting as soon as he saw Borst. His aim was good in general, but one bullet went wide and struck Oliver in the leg. The popping of his revolver resounded with many echoes among the tall buildings of the neighborhood.

Policeman Reichert of the Greenwich street station heard the shots and saw a man dash out of the cafe. He gave chase and, after a five-block race, during which he fired several shots at the fleeing man, the latter surrendered. He said he was John Burns, twenty-four, of No. 391 Baltic street, Brooklyn, and later denied kinship to the beneficiary of the dance. He was taken to the station.

Acting Captain Tunney was notified and with a squad of detectives and the police reserves he hurried to the cafe. The police rushed in to find every body dancing as though nothing had occurred. All said there had been no shooting—probably a fuse on the elevated had blown out. However, Tunney saw a trail of blood and followed it out of the dance hall and up stairs. In a room there he found several merrymakers surrounding the wounded Borst. Despite his insistence that he was suffering from malaria, an ambulance was called and Dr. Valentine took him to the hospital.

Among those who fled from the cafe were the wounded Oliver and his wife, Annie, and a cousin. They started up Greenwich street, but at Cortlandt street Oliver collapsed. There is a fire alarm box at this point, and while nearly all the police in the neighborhood thronged the cafe, somebody turned in a fire alarm. The police say Oliver's cousin probably did it to draw the police from the cafe.

More wild excitement, for in a few minutes the land and water vicinity held four engine companies, two fireboats, a boat tender, Deputy Chief Binns and two battalion chiefs. An ambulance was called and two others were used to take Oliver to the hospital, where he was placed under guard.

MUST PAY FOR STOLEN LOVE.

Sheriff's Jury to Fix Damages in
Alienation Suit.

Supreme Court Justice Giegerich to-day signed an order sending the \$25,000 alienation of affections suit brought by Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong against Mr. Abbott of the Commonwealth Hotel, on Beacon Hill in Boston, to a sheriff's jury here to assess the amount of damages due the plaintiff.

The defendant has not appeared in court nor entered an answer to the suit within the time allowed by law.

\$64,000 for Austria's Exhibit.

VIENNA, Austria, July 11.—The City Council to-day voted an appropriation of \$64,000 to cover the cost of Vienna's separate participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco.

ARMY OF POLICE
AT UNION SQUARE FOR
ANARCHISTS' MEETING

(Continued from First Page.)

reviled, but you must grin and bear it. There must be no violence if we can help it."

And the police obeyed the order. Practically the entire force of the city had been notified last night to hold themselves and their night sticks ready for instant descent on Union Square. It was a riot order and it is said to have been the only time such a command was issued except after actual violence had occurred.

But Berkman and the lesser leaders of the meeting had determined to avoid trouble, apparently, if that were possible. They had abandoned their parade at police behest and they had not tried to display the ashes of their comrades or the funeral urn designed especially for the occasion. That remained at the offices of Mother Earth, No. 74 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street, where Adolf Wolf, the sculptor, had brought it in the morning.

The speakers made themselves heard with difficulty. Two other meetings, one a single tax and the other an anti-socialist, divided the attention of the crowd and cheers for one speaker sometimes drowned the words of another. Then too the aqueduct shaft was only about fifty feet back of the Berkman rostrum and the roar of the work there frequently made the voices of the speaker inaudible.

Becky Edelson and Charles W. Plunkitt spoke in the same vein as Berkman. Leonard Abbott also spoke, but his words were not impassioned nor incendiary. Becky said it was time for the capitalists to learn that "when they use machine guns we'll use dynamite," and she counseled the crowd to use "violence when you have the power and have enough of it."

Plunkitt said that he favored violence, declaring:

"Our oppressors have the army, they have the navy and they have bullets for us, but we have dynamite for them."

Police Commissioner Robert E. Hopkins of Tarrytown, where the Anarchists were driven out of town and where ten are still to be tried, took notes of the speeches, including that of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who said the Industrial Workers of the World who formerly had opposed Berkman and his followers were now with him heart and soul. After her speech the band played Chopin's "Funeral March" and a dirge which, Berkman announced, had been composed for the occasion by Becky Edelson.

There was no disorder except a flat fight between two men each of whom admitted after the police had grabbed him that he had been hasty and apologized. The police let them go.

Inspector Schmittberger with Inspectors Morris and Chahane, twelve captains, fifty lieutenants and 700 policemen, arrived at Union Square a little before noon. They at once cleared the park, driving away the occupants of benches and immediately establishing two cordons of police, one around the park proper and the other encircling the territory bounded by Fourteenth street, Broadway, Seventeenth street and Fourth avenue. There were some 200 policemen not thus employed and they took seats on the park benches. Other policemen were in reserve at nearby stations. Inspector Schmittberger occupied the cottage at the north end of the park where a telephone wire had been installed direct into Commissioner Woods' office in Police Headquarters.

The appearance of the police was the signal for a crowd to gather and within a few moments between 7,000 and 8,000 persons, mostly office workers of the neighborhood whose half-holiday began at noon, had assembled in the plaza north of the park.

Becky Edelson was the first of the "Reds" to arrive. She was dressed entirely in black except for scarlet stockings which flashed from under her skirts at each step. With her were two men carrying a big packing case and, suspecting that the box might contain the proscribed urn of ashes, Inspector Morris peered into it before he allowed it to be put in place. Then Becky mounted it and exhorted the crowd to be patient and orderly.

Several floral pieces were carried into the plaza. There were two big wreaths of red carnations, two boxes of the same flowers and a big black triangular wreath on which was the help of George Plunkitt, next of the same flowers.

"You did not die in vain." And there was also a flaming torch of flowers from the Mother Earth Association and this, with the triangular pieces, Becky Edelson, with the help of George Plunkitt, next of the same flowers, dragged onto their

STORSTAD BLAMED
FOR LOSS OF LINER
WITH 1,000 LIVESCommission Finds Empress of
Ireland Was Sunk Through
Collier's Change of Course.

QUEBEC, July 11.—The official Storstad is held to blame for the Empress of Ireland disaster in the findings of the wreck commission, handed down to-day.

The commission holds that the disaster was due to the Storstad's change of course, ordered by the third officer without instructions from the first officer who was in charge of the collier at the time.

The Empress of Ireland was sunk in the St. Lawrence on May 29, with a loss of more than one thousand lives.

The collier's third officer found responsible is Alfred Tuftness. He was on the bridge when the crash occurred.

The report found that there was no lack of discipline on board the Empress and that the Empress complied with all the regulations regarding boat equipment, watertight doors, etc.

To prevent such loss of life in the future the commission made these suggestions:

"First. That in foggy weather all watertight doors and port holes below the top of the watertight bulkheads be closed. Preferably they should be closed all the time between sunset and sunrise."

"Second. That it might be desirable to consider whether rafts could not be placed in such a position on the upper deck that they would float automatically on the water as the ship sank."

packing box platform and began to unlash the crowd. She met with little success, however. Frank Urban appeared opposite her at the east end of the platform and announced himself as a delegate of the International Peace Bureau, "organized to antagonize socialism, anarchy and the Industrial Workers of the World." He had his packing case, which he used for a rostrum, adorned with two American flags and in the absence of Berkman and the other leaders whom they had come to see, the crowd flocked to Urban's side of the platform.

"I was a Socialist and an Anarchist for fifteen years," shouted Urban, "and I am well qualified to talk."

The crowd, which was a good deal larger than the little German band, which still play in Brooklyn streets, struck up "The Marseillaise," and Berkman looked a little disappointed that they didn't play the "Conquering Hero."

However, he stood majestically on one side, acknowledging the applause while little Becky Edelson, Plunkitt and some of the others hauled more boxes beside the packing case, decorated the mass with red and black flags and made a fitting platform for their leader. It didn't matter to Berkman that he had ridden the long miles downtown in a touring car while most of his devoted followers had walked. They were faithful, matter to them. They were faithful.

Eleanor Fitzgerald and "Big Dave" Sullivan, the college Anarchist, supported Louise Berger, half sister of Hanson, in whose flat at No. 1224 Lexington avenue the explosion took place. She seemed on the point of collapse.

Do You Suffer
Even Though You Diet?

It assists the bowels, cleanses the system, prevents acidity, fermentation, gas, and stops that distressing after eating.

MAN-A-CEA WATER

The Natural Mineral Spring Water (Not a Laxative). It assists the bowels, cleanses the system, prevents acidity, fermentation, gas, and stops that distressing after eating.

DIED.

McARTHY, MARY A. (nee Egan), dearly beloved wife of James C. McCarthy, and mother of Charles, Catherine, Frank, Elizabeth, May and Agnes, formerly of the Seventh Ward.

Funeral on Monday, July 13, at 9:30 A. M., from her late residence, 1071 West Farms road, Bronx, near Rivington street, subway station; thence to St. John Chrysostom's Church, where a solemn high mass will be offered for the happy repose of her soul. Interment Calvary Cemetery.

SMITH.—On July 9, 1914, EUGENIE M. SMITH, beloved wife of Alexander G. Smith.

Funeral services at her late residence, 619 Garfield ave., Richmond Hill, Queens County, N. Y., on Sunday, July 13, 1914, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.